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A NEW
BALLAD

On the Taking of

P O R T O - B E L L O,

By Admiral V E R N O N.

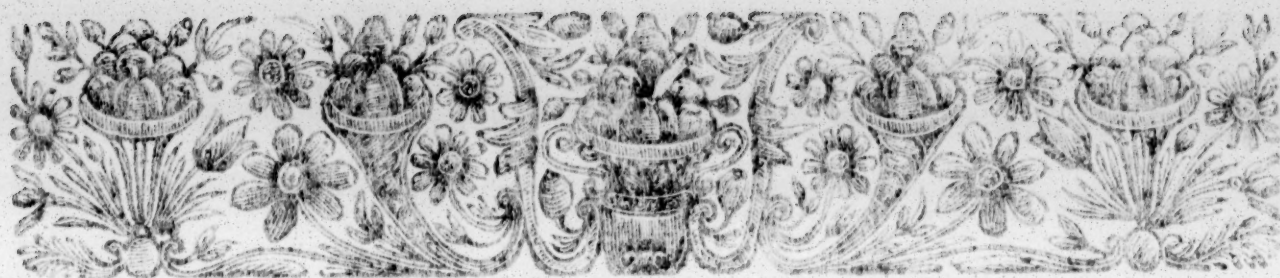


L O N D O N :

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(Price Six-pence.)





A NEW
B A L L A D

Ec. Ec.

I.

COME attend *British* Boys,
I'll make you rejoice,
I will tell you, how *Vernon* did scare,
PORTO-BELLO the Strong,
Lay'd it's Castles along,
And all this, with *but six Men of War*.

II. When

II.

When he first came in Sight
Cries the Governour ---- "Shite!

" From this Fellow what have we to fear?

" Did not *Hofier* the Brave,

" Hither fail to his Grave,

" Tho' with more than *Thrice six Men of War*.

III.

" Thirteen Captains outright,

" Subalterns, a damn'd Sight,

" And of Sailors each one a stout Fellow,

" Full three Thousand and odd

" Perish'd, Rotten by G--d,

" Without firing against PORTO-BELLO.

IV.

" Hence our Queen did declare

" The blue string'd Cavalier

" Her good Friend, since he serv'd her so well;

" And did kindly incline

" His Convention to sign,

" For his Care to preserve PORTO-BELL.

V.

" Then my Lads, have no dread
 " Of this Hectoring Blade,
 " For I'm certain, tho' sent from so far,
 " He Instructions has none,
 " To let Fly one poor Gun,
 " Neither he, nor his *six Men of War*."

VI.

But soon *Vernon's* hot Fire
 Prov'd the Spaniard a Liar,
 To Capitulate, soon is his Story;
 And to save his Retreat,
 Sees his Castles lay'd flat,
 Both his Castles of *Iron* and *Glory*.

VII.

Whence these Fortresses came
 Such high Titles to claim
 I forbear to recite in this Place,
 Tho' our swaggering Foes,
 One might fairly suppose.
 Did assume them on *Hofier's* Disgrace.

VIII.

Now their Castle of Glory
 You have levell'd before you,
 To its Title yourself may pretend ;
 It is made your own Prize,
 And where e're your Sail flies,
 Shall on you, noble *Vernon*, attend.

IX.

Of this Victory rare
 You secur'd the best Share,
 For the *Spanish* King's Dollars and Pelf,
 You most gallantly gave
 To your Mariners Brave
 And with Glory rewarded yourself.

X.

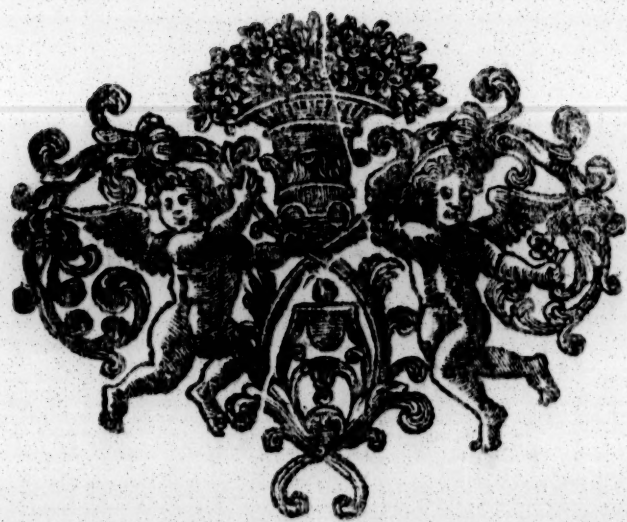
Now, old *England*, tho' long
 Thou hast been but a Song
 Of Reproach to the meanest of Nations,
 Tho' thy Flag has been sham'd,
 And thy Strength has been maim'd
 By our Debts and our Negotiations ;

XI.

XI.

Be no more in the Dumps
Thou may'st still stir thy Stumps,
And recover, for in this Contention,
I may venture to swear,
Thou hast nothing to fear,
By St. George, but another Convention.

F I N I S.

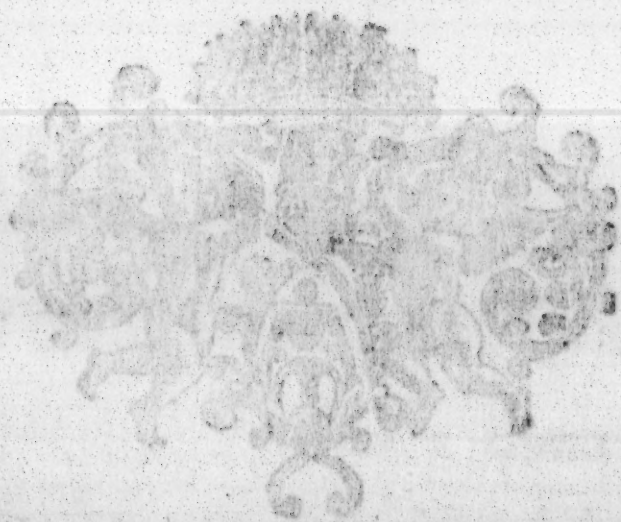


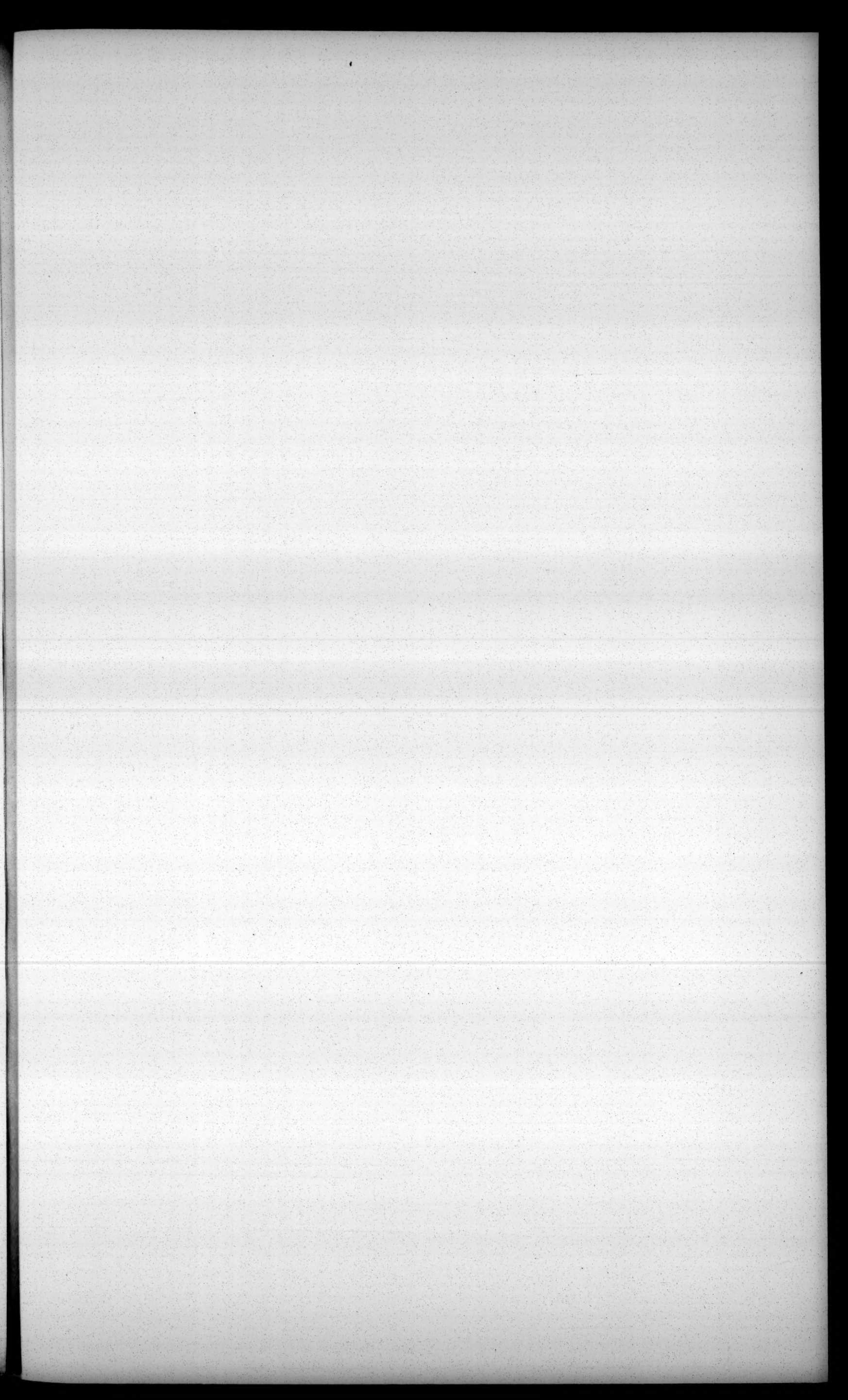
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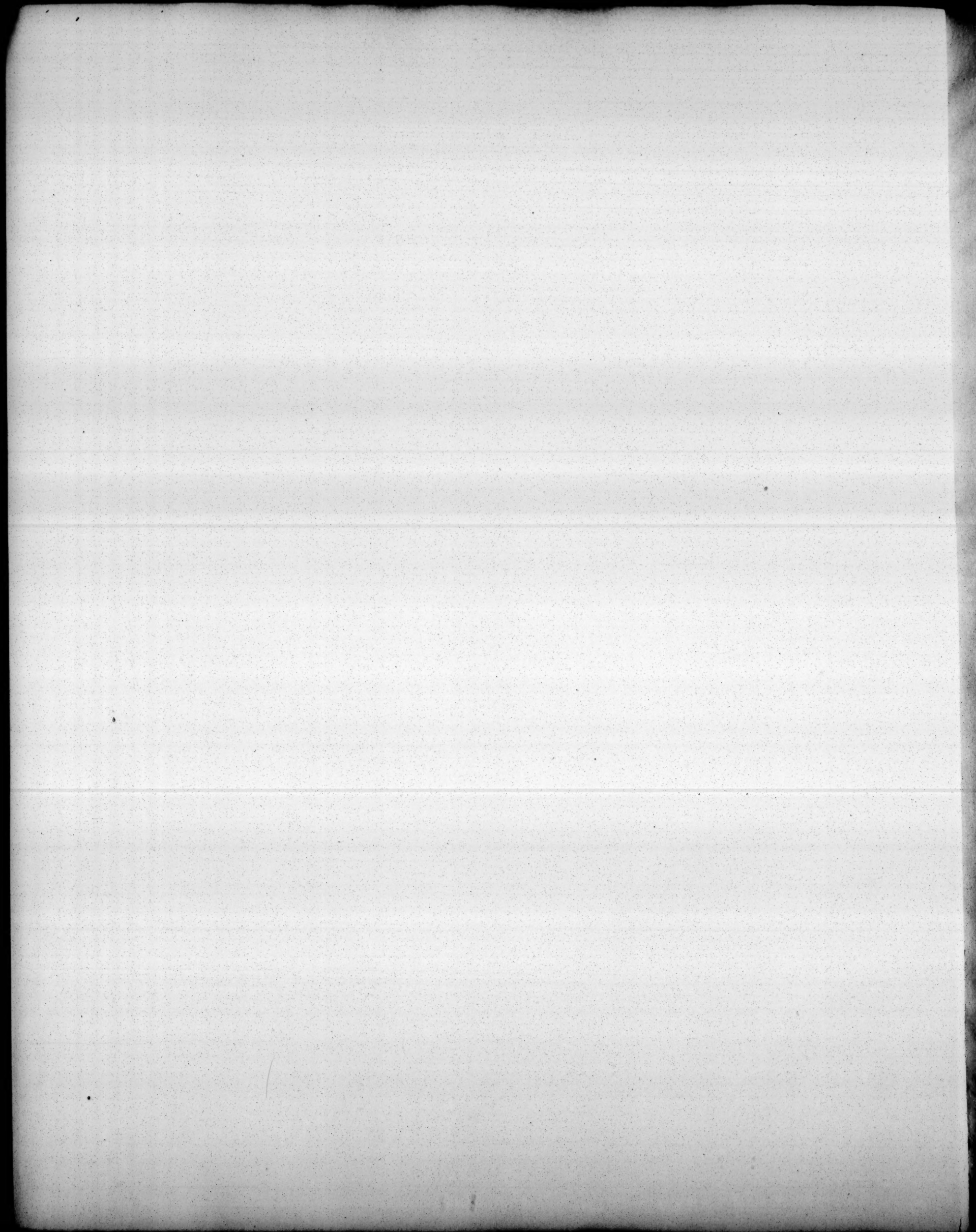
XI.

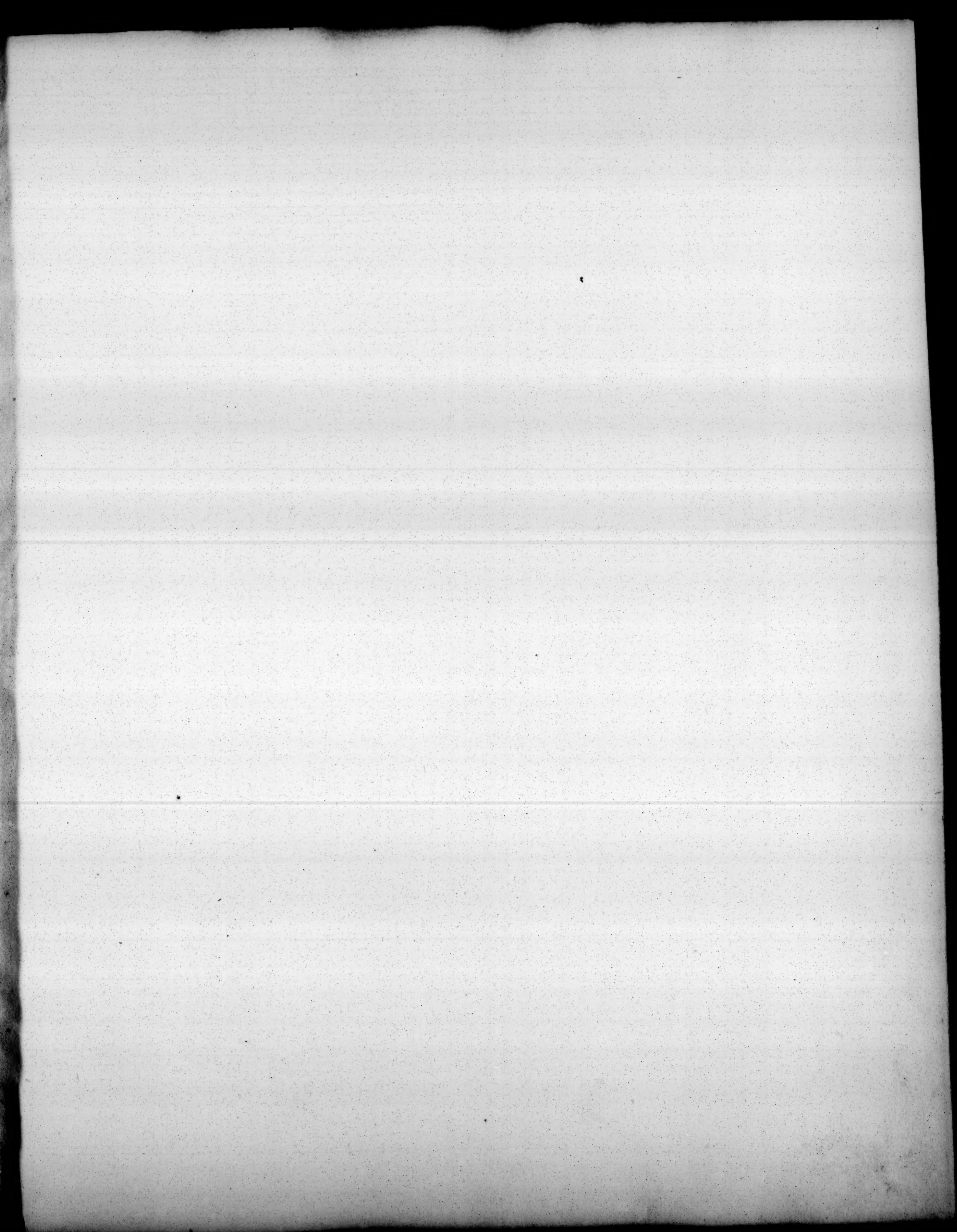
Be no more in the Dumps
Thou may'st till fill the Stumps
And recover, for in this Contention,
I may venture to swear,
Thou hast nothing to fear,
By St. George, but another Contention.

F I W I S









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